To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Caſsio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes ſure: O heauen *Roderigo*.
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he ſir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iag. How doe you *Caſsio*? O a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo*.
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you miſtriſſe,
Saue you your labour, he that lies ſlaine here *Caſsio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?
Caſ. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale miſtriſſe?
Doe you perceiue the ieaſtures of her eye,
Nay, an you ſtirre, we ſhall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you ſee Gentlemen? Nay guiltineſſe
Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of vſe. *Enter* Em.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. *Caſsio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caſsio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caſsio*, where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bian.

Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of
As you, that thus abuſe me.
Em. As I: ſough, fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt teli's an
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell
And tell my Lord and Lady what
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the
That either markes me, or foredoe

Enter Othello *with*

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cau
Let me not name it to you, you ch
It is the cauſe yet I'le nor ſhed her
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of her
And ſmooth, as monumentall Ala
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'l betra
Put out the light, and then put ou
If I quench thee, thou flaming mi
I can againe, thy former light reſt
Should I repent me; but once put
Thou cunning patterne of excell
I know not where is that promet
That can thy light returne: when
I cannot giue it vitall growth aga
It muſt needes wither; I'le ſmell i
A balmy breath, that doth almoſt
Iuſtice her ſelfe to breake her ſwo
Be thus, when thou art dead, and
And loue thee after: once more,
So ſweete was ne're ſo fatall: I m
But they are cruell teares; this ſ
It ſtrikes when it does loue: ſhe
Deſ. Who's there, *Othello*?
Oth. I, *Deſdemona*.
Deſ. Will you come to bed
Oth. Haue you prayed to nig

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